Smith, English & Co.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. THE KING'S RING. By Theodore Tilton. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Philadelphia Agents:

The chief merit of the little work before us consists in the exquisite style in which it is published. It is printed in colors on Bristol board, and each verse is headed by an appropriate illustration. Typographically, it is worthy of a place among the most appropriate gems for Christmas gifts. The literary execution of the work does not add anything to Mr. Tilton's fame. It is such an effusion as any man of ordinary literary ability could throw off on a spare evening. It has evidently not. been well matured, and is pretty, without possessing any of the elements of strength.

Its metre and idea are not original, both having been adopted by Judge Conrad in his "Pream." The last verse is decidedly obscure. Our judgment of it confirms us in our previous epinion, that Mr. Tilton is a good editorial writer, but is not qualified by nature for the production of poetry. As the work is short, we append it in full:-

Once in Persia reigned a king, Who upon his signet-ring Graved a maxim true and wise, Which, if held before his eyes, Gave him counsel, at a glance, Fit for every change or chance: Solemn words, and these are they: "Even this shall pass away !"

Trains of camels through the sand Brought him gems from Samarcand; Ficets of galleys through the seas Brought him pearls to match with these. But he counted not as gain Treasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say,

" 'Even this shall pass away.' In the revels of his court, At the zenith of the sport When the palms of all his guests Burned with clapping at his jests, He, smid his tigs and wine, Oned, "Oh! loving triends of mine Pleasure comes, but not to stay; Even this aball pass away."

Lady fairest ever seen Chose he for his bride and queen. Couched upon the marriage-bed, Whispering to his soul, he said, "Though a bridegroom never pressed Dearer bosom to his breast, Mortal flesh must come to clay: 'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field. Once a jayelin pierced his shield. Soldiers with a loud lament Bore him bleeding to his tent. Groaning from his tortured side Pain is hard to bear," he cried; "But, with patience day by day, 'Even this shall pass away.'

Towering in the public square, Twenty cubits in the air, Rose his statue carved in stone. Then the king, disguised, unknown, Stood before his sculptured name, Musing meekly, "What is fame? Pame is but a slow decay: Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old, Waiting at the Gates of Gold, Spake he with his dying breath "Life is done, but what is death?" Then, in answer to the king, Fell a sunbeam on his ring. Showing by a heavenly ray-"Even this shall pass away.

The Sanctuary, A Novel. By George Ward Nichols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia Agents; J. B. Lippincott & Co. The kind of engravings which illustrate "The Sanctuary" tend to belie its character. Interring from them, we should say that the fiction belonged to the class of which the "Delaware's Demon," or the "Bloody Buccaneer," are the types. It is, however, merely a harmless fungus springing from our civil war, and of no more or less value than the thousand and one similar sketches which have inundated the American literary world for the past three years. We have grown weary of deploring the appearance of this class of vapid and purposeless works; and had we not already exhausted the subject, we might repeat all our arguments against war novels in the case of "The Sanctuary." It is a mingling of fact and fancy. It treats of the lives of slaves and the heroism of soldiers. It covers, in fact, all the ground of the conventional military novel, and, possessing no special quality, deserves to be placed on our shelf of neatly bound works, which are only useful as presents to friends not possessed of too discriminating a literary taste.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH, A Novel, By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Harpers, New York, J. B. Lip-pincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This authoress is already well known by her admirable, though rather prolix work, "Maxwell Drewitt." The present work is as excellent as its predecessor. It treats, as do all the productions of the pen of Mrs. Riddell, of the sacrifice of everything on the part of a young man to acquire wealth. It is well written, possesses

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. A New Edition, with Illustrations, By Rev. G. F. Townsend, New York; Hurd & Houghton, Philadelphia Agent: Ashmead, No. 724 Chesnut street.

considerable power in plot and character, and

will repay the time expended in reading it.

Every one who knows the alphabet, and has reached the age of ten years, has read the "Arabian Nights," The edition now issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton lays claim to patronage on two grounds:-First, the omission of certain passages hardly proper for juvenile ears; and, second, brief notes illustrating the manners of the Orientals. We do not know exactly what passages the reverend annotator has deemed improper; hence we cannot say how far his first claim extends. The second one is a useful addition to the work. The present edition is admirably got up, and will be among the most acceptable of those offerings which Young America expects at the holidays.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS. By Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have read the advance sheets of the last of Mrs. Stephens' fictions, and find it equal to the best efforts previously achieved by that lady. Whatever adverse criticisms may have been meted out to her on account of the improbability of certain scenes in her works, no one can deny that she possesses in a degree the power of producing a most amusing novel. "The Soldier's Orphans" is not upnatural, as "The Gold Brick" appears to be, but is a tale of the children of a volunteer-a simple story which probably actually has occurred a score of times within the past five years. It proves that the pathos displayed in "Pashlon and Famine" is still within the control of the writer, and that she can weave a complete in one volume, by D. Appleton & Co.

spirited fiction out of every-day events as well as from the weird and strange details with

which some of her productions abound. Heretofore Mrs. Stephens has been chiefly celebrated for her creative powers. Her imagination is vivid, and her powers of description of the first order. Her last work reveals her to us in the field of the natural, and not of the commonplaces of life-The scene of her story is laid in our very midst, and possesses an additional interest from dealing in facts still fresh in the public mind, and with events which have not yet lost their power to stit the blood with the enthusiasm of patriotism.

-The following lines were quoted in a lecture delivered a few evenings since by the Rev. Dr. Crowell, of this city. As they are peculiarly beautiful in their metaphor, and doubtless new to our readers, we publish them below:-

" A traveller through a dirty road Strewed acorns on the lea. And one took root, and sprouted up,

And grew into a tree. Love sought its shade at eventide, To breathe its early vows.

And age was pleased, in heat of noon. To back beneath its bought The robin loved its dangling twigs, The birds sweet music bore.

It stood-a glory in its place,

A blessing evermore. So-a thinker dropped a fruitful thought Twas old, and yet twas new, A simple creature of the brain, But strong in being true.

The thought was small, its issue great— A watch-fire on the hill; It shed its radiance far adown, And cheers the valley still. O gem! O light! O word of love! O thought at random cast! Ye were but little at the first, But mighty at the last !"

"GREEK FOR LITTLE SCHOLARS" is the title of a primary work on Greek, in which the letters and names of familiar objects are illustrated by wood-cuts. It any parent desires to teach a child of under ten years old the rudiments of Greek, we recommend to him the work before us.

MR. HOWARD CHALLEN has commenced the publication of a Booksellers', News Dealers', and Stationers' Circular, to promote uniform trade fists. It is semi-monthly, and is neatly printed, on good paper. It contains a full list of all the publications of the day, and will be found most serviceable to the members of the trade.

A Newspaper Success.—A newspaper man has just been elected to the Massachusetts State Senate from Charlestown, whom few, except his own class of readers, have even yet heard of, yet, with one exception, he is the most successyet, with one exception, he is the most successful proprietor in New England. This person is Moses A. Dow, who publishes the Waveriey Magazine. Twenty-five years ago, when the Millerite excitement began, Mr. Dowhad a small book printing office in Boston. He secured the printing of Joshua V. Himes, who was the business of the secure and excitements. ness man of the sect, and as there was a great deal of it, he made a pretty little sum by the arrangement. This he lost in real estate invest-ments, and, the Millerite fever being over, had no opportunity to redeem himself. He then went to work at the case as a journeyman printer. Not being a very good one, he found it hard to earn more than from six to ten dollars a week in those days. With a family on his hands, this made him very poor. He then conceived a unique plan for a newspaper. It was to be a weekly "literary" periodical, to which every one should contribute who desired. There was to be no standard of merit for admission of writers to its columns. On the contrary, nothing was to be excluded. It was to be comparatively very expensive in its typography and paper, but not a cent should be paid to authors, their compensation being the privilege of appearing in print with the best type and the best of paper. The project seemed newild one. Mr. Dow had not a cent of capital, and as be untolded his plan to type-founders and paper men, no one had the least confidence in It was a long time before he could get credit and cash for his first number, but these were at last obtained, and by working closely himself. he succeeded in getring it out. It took instantly-Its first appearance was very handsome, for he had capital typographical taste. The people who wrote for it first bought, and then their friends followed suit. There was an enormous amount of reading in it, and contributions piled in from ambitious tolks, who found a new sensation in not having their stories and poems rejected. Soon there was a handsome income derived, which Mr. Dow shrewdly devoted toleiving the paper a yet better dress. His circulation increased with each new writer, and he

was more and more prosperous.

A literary Bohemian from London about this time made Mr. Dow's acquaintance, and in a evil hour (for Mr. Dow's pocket) this indi-vidual was engaged as editor of the paper. He set about winnowing the chaff that was sent in. This did not answer at all. The circula-tion began to fall off almost as rapidly as it had risen, and it was soon apparent that the paper must die or part with its editor. The latter course was chosen, and prosperity returned. The opening of the war was a heavy blow to its circulation, but it rallied from this in good time. The income from it now is fully sixty thousand dollars a year. The entire edition is sold to the American News Company. It has few subscribers, no editor, and no exchange list. It just travels right on the high road of prosperity by being democratic enough not to discriminate in what it publishes, except on the ground of morality, where it is very particular It is not even sensational. Its forte is harmless love stories, such as young women like to write, and very young women like to read loo, if we may judge from the extent of its sales. A class read it who have not appreciation for any more stimulating mental diet It it does not strengthen, it does not deprave Probably readers often outgrow it, but plenty

tep in to fill their places. -There seem to be a good number of person in America, as elsewhere, who desire only the possession of books, and who are willing to pay arge prices for privately printed or large-paper books, larger, of course, as the editions are smaller. Publishers have found it advantageous to pander to this taste by printing a few largepaper copies of all their good publications. They find that they get a large enough profit on these to pay for the stereotype plates. In the auction-room these prices are again increased, so that it is in the end a good speculation to collect large-paper copies, the issues of the various printing clubs, to illustrate books, and even to print a few copies of some tract one self, with reference to a future sale.

-The iamous despatch of Casar, if we may call it such, is matched by an entry in the private journal of the late Admiral Brooke, the hero of the famous sea-fight between the shan-

non and the Chesapeake;—
"Tuesday, June 1, 1813.—Off Boston, Moderate, W. W. Wrote Laurence, P. M. Took

-Among the signs of renewed literary acti-vity at the South is the amouncement of new periodicals, the latest we have seen being that of the Richmond Kelectic Magazine, a religious and literary monthly, soon to be published in Richmond under the joint editorship of the Rey, Moses D. Hoge and the Rey, William M. Brown.

- "The Felon's Track, a Narrative of 1848," by the late Col. Michael Doheny, is to be reprinted by Messrs. Farrell & Son, No. 107 Fulton street, for the benefit of the author's widow. As the work throws much light on Irish repugnance to British rule, and costs but one dollar, we commend it to general attention and favor.

-"The Handbook of Travel," by Edward H.

LONDON LITERARY GOSEIP.

Mr. Charles Reade's violent and abusive letter has surprised robody here who knows anything of the factics of that elever and not quite so of the tactics of that elever and not quite so eccentric-as-he-would-desire to-be-considered gentleman. We have had some startling specimens of his epistolary powers in the shape of letters to the Saturday Review and other journals. Perhaps some of your readers may remember that remarkable epistle beginning "saturday Review, you have brains of your own, and good ones, if you like to use them." Only very simple folks here set all this down to mental aberration. Ingenious and well-constructed plots—for his plots are ingenious and well-constructed plots—for his plots are ingenious and well-constructed, or elever writing, for his writing is elever in spite of all faults—do not issue from diseased brains. Mr. Reade, as he hints, knows at least periectly well what he is about when driving a bargain in Paternoster Row. No wild, excited genius then—no eye in a fine trenzy rolling—but a steady, business-like regard to "very hard cash," as many can testify. The fact is, that crack-brained epistles make a noise, and a noise, as every one known when here The fact is, that crack-brained epistles make a noise, and a noise, as every one knows who has been at a fair, draws people into the show. When a man of undoubted intellectual powers commits himself to an outrage upon good tasto and feeling, it is, of course, a nine days' wonder, and nine days in these times, when every day brings forth a new novel, are no inconsiderable portion of time for a novelist to fill the public mouth in. The thing has, it is true, begun to fiag here. Nine days' wonders, especially when they are exactly the same wonders, lose their effect at last, Hence, perhaps, Mr. Reade's transatlantic appearance in this line. It is an experiment on the American public. The Round Table is made the corpus vile for the occasion. That is all.

Mr. Reade's boast of the high prices he gets for his novels, which he prides himself particu-larly upon selling in the dark, and without the purchaser seeing a page of his manuscript, reminds me of a remark which I once heard the minds me of a remark which I once heard the late Mr. Thackeray make in speaking to a contributor to the Cornhill Magazine. "It is very well for you young authors," he said, "to take your two guiness a page and claim copyright in a reprint; many a long year I worked for Frazer at £8 a sheet of 16 pages—double columns, you know—and even thought it glorious pay." So rapid has been the rise in the price of literary labor. As to Mr. Reade's novels, I happen to know that he got for "Hard Cash" £3000 from the very respectable house of Sampson Low & know that he got for "Hard Cash" £3000 from the very respectable house of Sampson Low & Co., who, for reasons not necessary to be told here, did not think fit to repeat the offer for his next novel. In the last century authors used to talk of being "ground down" by the publishers, and in novels and on the stage this view still holds its ground; but in truth the modern tendency is the in truth the modern tendency is the other way. In what other trade is the buyer compelled, as Mr. Reade tells us he is, to buy his goods without so much as having an oppor-tunity of judging of their quality? Of course this disadvantage is also disadvantageous to the author. If a man is compelled to buy what is proverbially called "a pig in a poke," the chance of the pig turning out a lean one must neces-sarily influence his bidding. In Mr. Reade's ase, however, the boast has very little meaning. His stories have almost always made their ap-pearance in a serial before their copyright is disposed of. It is quite true that authors of established reputation do disdain to submit their works to publishers, most of whom are, never theless, pretty shrewd judges of the public taste. This may have something to do with the taste. This may have something to do with the curious fact that a story which has already had thousands of readers in a serial will generally obtain, if successful, a nigher price than the most successful one published for the first time in volumes. In the first case the publisher knows what he buys; in the second he runs a risk for which he must, of course, be compensated by its of the course, be compensated. sated. Is it not time that our authors, who after all do sell and haggle and bargain in their own fashion, gave up these absurd notions about a loss of dignity in submitting their writings "to a trader?"

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has in the press an elaborate criticism upon Swinburne's poems and ballads, in which he defends the poet warmiy against his censors. Swinburne's own pampu-let is just out, which reminds me that the poet has just completed an elaborate study upon the poet and painter Blake, which I suppose will be published one day.

Advancement of the Age .- A London correspondent writes: - "You have perhaps seen in our papers the important statement that the Duke of Argyll is actually bringing up his son to be a man of business-I mean, of course, a merchant-tor since Charles Stanhope, trightened out of his wits by Robespierrism and the rights of man, had his son Philip taught the blacksmith's art in order to be prepared for evil days, no peer of this realm has, I believe, gone lower than that. Our Morning Post is shocked, of course; for a peer here may be a railway director, and even sit at a board and control the management of a hotel kitchen, but he must not be a trader in a firm. Neither must a trader in a firm, unless it be a banking firm, or, at least, a brewery-tor, oddly enough, brewing is accounted among us rather a polite occupation-ever hope to gain a looting in aristocratic circles. This is, perhaps, the most powerful reason for that over-crowding of all the professions which is so much complained of here; and this is why every one of those professions, as I lately showed, are so jealously hedged in by what does not practially differ from the much-abused workingmen's trades unions for restricting the supply of labor. Mr. Trollope has sketched the miseries of curates, and in the Pall Mail Gazette has expended much eloquent denunciation upon the clergy who, we are told, so miserably underpay them. But the problem is how to make curates at once plentiful and dear; and for this it is hard to find a solution. In vain the church, the bar, the army, the navy, the civil service, the attorney's profession is made thorny and ex-pensive. Gentlemen will bring up their sons to be gentlemen, and will send them, in deference to the absurd prejudice against trade, into these professions, there to barricade themselves against the dreadful influx of free competition, which they think so wholesome when applied to the mechanic arts.

I met lately with an amusing instance of the rage for protection amongst our genteel jolks. Our chemists held a great meeting-I beg pardon, a "British Pharmaceutical Conference" at Nottingham the other day. By "chemists." mean not our Farradays, but simply our apothecaries. These shopkeepers consider themselves very much superior to grocers and cheesenongers, and look upon it as their own fault if they are not generally taken at their own valuation, and permitted to be exclusive, like the awyers and the doctors. At this conference Mr. Joseph Ince read a long paper upon what he called "Pharmaceutical Ethics," which, says the Chemists' and Druggists' Organ, "proved sufficiently attractive to bring together the largest number of members that has yet attended a sitting of the conference."

"Before leaving the shop," said this pharmaceutical moralist to his audience, 'may I press upon your consideration the destrability of easiling it a pharmacy' The word is English, not fanciul; is highly expressive, and is on all grounds to be

Could a subtler device for tiptoeing above the head of the poor grocer or cheesemonger bave been suggested? Only fancy these poor trades sttempting to follow suit by calling their vulgar emporiums "groceries," or "cheesemongeries, and thinking to exalt themselves by such mise rable titles. But the great feature in Mr. Ince's ethics was his scheme for making chemists shops, which now swarm in all our thorough fares, a great deal scarcer and more lucrative. Like a systematic reformer, he went to the foundation of things, and proposed to cut off the supply of pharmaceutical industry at its

'The present indiscriminate mode of taking ap-'The present indiscriminate mode of taking apprentices and pupils (he said) saps the very foundation of the protessional superstructure we desire to raise. If we consistently declined to take pupils below a certain age—nade Virgil and Euclid our touch-tones, and thereby left to pursue their proper avocations the nalf-educated shop-boys who offer themselves to us, and too often are accepted, we should soon rid ourselves of one great cause of the militiage of third-rate chemists' shops which are established around us, and do so much injury to the legitimate pharmacoutiest, compelling him to add all sorts of articles to his stock because he cannot make

LENGTH OLD MINE

a living out of his proper calling. Parliament may, perhaps, in its wisdom, some time give compulsory powers tending to this end; but meanwhile it is a matter in which we can, if we will, help ourselves and each other."

These pharmaceutical people have long been trying to get a bill through Parliament carrying out these peculiar views of their rights, and have only been prevented succeeding as yet by divisions among themselves. What further proof need we have that our working classes the unfortunate fathers of our shop-boys, who have never studied Euclid or Virgil—want some representatives in Parliament to look after their interests?

-A remarkable book has lately appeared in Fagland entitled 'The Beegag's Benison: A Clydesdale Story." "It is not a novel," says one of its reviewers, "though some of the incidents are clearly etitious, and it is not, we should think, substantially autobiographic; but the author has managed to throw into his story an amount of plain verisimilitude, after the manner of Defen which makes it a thousand times of Defoe, which makes it a thousand times more resdable than the mass of high-dayored romances." One of the characters in this story is a Scotch divine, who adapted his grace before ment to the kind and amount of meat that was before him. When he sees "that there is only one soup, and that the best plate is not out, he merely prays that we may be mankful for the mercies now spread before us." If, in addition to the soup, however, there should be a display of silver, thus indicating something superior beneath it, he crayes the Deity that, 'it may be beneath it, he craves the Deity that, it may be biessed exceedingly, and that we may esteem it beyond price and with becoming gratitude to the Giver of all Good.'" A grand display of plate, with flunkier to match it, excites his "pious enthusiasm, for under such circumstances he is observed to throw up his arms, exclaiming, 'Bountiful Jehovah!' and to give a grace 'like a tether,' as Burns says." -The Figaro gives the following account of

the literary predilections of the Bishop of Or-leans:-"Mgr. Dupanloup's enlightened love of letters is well known. He defends and cultivates that study, and no one more keenly enjoys its charms. He knows nearly the whole of Virgil and Horace by heart, and frequently in conversation makes felicitous quotations from those authors. His memory is so prodigious that he distinguishes clearly and in its place, as in an inward library, every detail of his extensive knowledge; and in dictating to his secretaries he refers them without hesitation to such a page of Fenelon, or such a line of the 'Æneid.' 5 every morning during the year, he works without relaxation until mid-day, and, after a short promenade and giving a few audiences, resumes harness until 7 o'clock. While walking he makes rapid pencil notes of fugitive ideas and heads of sermons; during his drives, he is similarly occupied. When he travels by rail, he has, as constant companion, a large portfolio of green morocco, stuffed with papers—the real one that belonged to Talleyrand—and he revises manuscripts and corrects proofs. His correspondence is as extensive as that of a Minister of State, and he sends not fewer than six thousand letters yearly. There is only one moment of the day that does not find him at work; it is that suc ceeding the evening's repast. He is obliged to condemn himself to that period of repose, and to forego reading and writing at night, in order not to injure his eyes, which have already been severely tried during the day."

-The London Athenaum comments favor-ably, though rather late in the day, on Coloce Higginson's translation of "Epictetus:"-"It revising the last century translation of 'Mistress Elizabeth Carter'—she died unmarried—a work which had already had the reputation of coming from the pen of a writer whom Dr. Johnson pro nounced to be the best Greek scholar of England in his time, Mr. Higginson has had an excellent foundation, and comparatively little heavy work on his hands. That little, however, he seems to have done carefully and successfully; he has illustrated and explained some few passages which the learned lady, his predecessor, had left in more or less obscurity; and, in several instances, has traced quotations to their original authorities, which she had either neglected to point out or had failed to discover. To what extent he may have been indebted to Schweighauser, in the latter respect, not having that edition at hand, we will not undertake to say. The book is put before us in a pleasing form; printed upon excellent wire-wove paper, and in the brilliant type of the Cambridge University press (United States), it may take its place, without any fear of disparagement, by the side of the best printed English volumes of the pro-

sent day." -Mr. Marmaduke Dolman proposes to pub lish in parts a series of the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth, to be selected chiefly with a view to the elucidation of the ecclesiastical history of the Elizabethan era, as connected with the private history of the aristocracy of that period, These papers are a collection of royal letters, records of the Secretaries of State, correspond ence with foreign powers, documents relating to ecclesiastical affairs, and the letters of private persons, either written by the friends of the overnment, and containing secret information of the designs of the discontented, or letters of the malcontents themselves, descriptive of their discontent and misfortunes, which, falling into the bands of the Government, were used by in against their authors.

-For want of something better to do, the ninor Parisian journalists have been quarrelling with each other, and rendering their vocation ridiculous by still more ridicutous duels. latest illustration is very significant. One Rober Mitchell, of the Flendard, having been chal lenged by Pierre Veron, of the Charivan. fused to fight with pistors, as he was disabled in the right hand, but he was willing to use a M. Verou's seconds could not understand how the hand which was unable to hold a pistol could wield a sword. "It shall be bound to my arm," said Mitchell, and so be wriggled out of his awkward position, for the seconds would have nothing more to say to him.

-M. Boquillon, who, about a year ago, was commissioned by the French Government to search for documents bearing on the life and works of Galileo, has discovered a very large number of manuscripts, which he has been allowed to copy, with a view to writing a biography of the great astronomer. In conducting his researches M. Boquillon has received con-siderable aid from Signor Mateuco, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, from Donati, the astronomer, and from other learned Italians. The scientific instruments used by Galileo are all preserved, and photographs of them, taken by M. Boquillon, will be fincluded in the approaching Paris Exhibition.

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Annual Policies sensed against General Accidents all descriptions at exceedingly low rates.

Insurance effected to one year, in any sum from \$100 to \$10,000, at a premium of only one-half per cent, and a compensation each week equal to the whole premium paid

Short time Ticketsfor, \$5.5.7, or 19 days, or 1, J, or 6 months, at 10 central? nsuring in the sum of \$3000, or giving \$15 per week. Itsabied, to be had at the General Office, No. 183 S. FOURTH Street, Philadelphia, or at the various Railroad Ticket offices. Be sure to purchase the tickets of the North American Transi Insurance Company.

For circulars and further information apply at the deneral Office, or of any of the authorized Agents of the Company.

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JOHN C. BULLITT, Solicitor.

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PHILADELPHIA. Assets on January 1, 1866.

\$2,506,851'96. Capital \$460.000 00 Accines Surplus \$945.543 1a Premiums 1,92,308 1a UNSETTLED CLAIMS, INCOME FOR 1865 \$310.600. LOSSES PAID SINCE 1829 OVER

\$5,000,000. Perpetual and Temperary Policies on Liberal Terms.

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GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE, No. 415 WALNUTSTREET, PHILADELPHIA CAPITAL PAID IN, IN CASH, \$200,000. The company continues to write on Fire hase only its capital, with a good surplug, is saidy invested.

701 Losses by fire cave been promptly paid, and more than \$500,000 Distursed on this account within the past few years.

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Then as now, we shall be happy to insure our patrons a
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THOMAS CRAVEN,
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GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. Capital and Assets, \$16,000,000. Invested in United States, \$1,500,000.

Total Premiums Received by the Company in 1865, \$4,947,175. Total Losses Paid in 1865, \$4,018,250 All Losses promptly adjusted without reference to ATWOOD SMITH.

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PRILADELPHIA

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY
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INCORPORATED 3° MONTH, 22d, 1869.
CAPITAL, 8160 000, PAID IN.
Insurance on Lives by Yearly Premiums; or by 5, 10, or 10 year Premiums, Non-torielture.
Endowments, payable at a uture age, or on prior decease, by Yearly Premiums, or 10 year Premiums—
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Annuthes gianted on favorable terms
Term Foiles Children's Endowments
This Company, while giving the insured the security
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Life business among its Pohcy holders.
Moneys received at interest, and paid on demand.
Authorized by charter to execute Trusts, and to actis
Escentor or Administrator, Assignee or Guardian, an
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Court of this Commonwealth or of any person or, ersons, or bodies politic or corporate.

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Their Capital, together with a large Surplus Fundilinvested in the most careful manner, which enables them to offer to the insured an undoubted security in the case of loss.

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INCORPORATED 1894—GHARTER PERPETUAL.

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